

[Waking Desires by Luddleston](#)

Category: Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age II

Genre: Anal Fingering, Consensual Somnophilia, Established Relationship, M/M, Oral Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Trans Hawke, Vaginal Fingering, justice's first time

Language: English

Characters: Anders (Dragon Age), Justice (Dragon Age), Male Hawke (Dragon Age)

Relationships: Anders/Hawke (Dragon Age), Anders/Male Hawke (Dragon Age), Anders/Male Hawke/Justice (Dragon Age), Male Hawke/Justice (Dragon Age)

Status: Completed

Published: 2022-06-26

Updated: 2022-06-26

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:46:01

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,574

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After Anders finds a very pleasurable way to wake Hawke up one morning, Hawke decides to return the favor.

He doesn't realize that while Anders is asleep, Justice is still very much awake in his body, and very aware of what Hawke is doing.

Thankfully, Justice wants him to keep going.

Waking Desires

Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

I can't say for sure whether Justice being awake when Anders sleeps is something I've read in fics or actually canon, but this idea hit me like a truck so here we gooooo. Thank you to icky for brainstorming with me and for getting me into this OTP-and-a-half in the first place!

Anders was the sort of man who, if you didn't know him well, you presumed to be just as uptight in the bedroom as he was when he was advocating for the rights of mages in Kirkwall. Hawke himself hadn't believed Isabela for a second when she said Anders was responsible for one of the best nights of her sexual career, assuming, as the rest of the crew had, that she was making a joke.

Hawke found it was the truth when he and Anders first lay together, and he'd disavowed himself of the idea that Anders was anything less than a deviant after that first night.

Still, when he woke to Anders spreading his legs and licking him open, it took him a long moment and an enormous effort to realize that this was his lover, not a desire demon come to tempt him in his sleep.

"Anders?" he muttered, his voice a dragging scrape as he stirred himself to waking.

He received no words in response, which one could expect from a man whose face was buried in somebody's cunt. But Anders did moan, and Hawke couldn't help arching and pushing into the wet heat of his mouth.

"*Fuck, good morning, then, love,*" Hawke said, cupping the back of Anders' head, feeling that he hadn't brushed his hair that morning. He must have woken, rolled over, and put his mouth on Hawke. "Is it my nameday or something?"

Anders put two fingers into him, likely just to shut him up, but Hawke couldn't possibly complain about the way his morning was going.

From the start, Hawke had intended to return Anders' spectacular morning wake-up call in kind, but the timing was difficult. Anders typically woke earlier than Hawke, so it was a challenge to catch him unawares. He'd managed to rouse himself before his lover once, only for his dog to run into the room and tackle them both, because Potato had learnt to use door handles.

Hawke *locked* the door instead of just shutting it after that, since a mabari couldn't pick locks. Probably.

Still, it was always Anders up first in the morning, even when he'd stayed awake later than Hawke the night before, taking the shortcut through the cellars in the wee hours because patients at the clinic kept him. Hawke wondered if this was a Warden thing, a Justice thing, or just an Anders thing.

When he finally managed it, it was following a night at the Hanged Man on which three people had bought Anders drinks (all former patients, apparently saving people's lives got you free drinks sometimes). Anders wouldn't be hung over, hopefully—the head would make the *head* not quite so effective—but he did sleep heavier than normal.

Time to strike.

Morning sex was a rarity for them but not unheard of. Usually, things were so busy in the mornings they had not a moment to themselves, but, especially in the early days of their relationship, their friends learned they were better off letting Hawke and Anders have some time to themselves.

Anders usually slept curled up on Hawke's chest or wrapped around his back like the ivy on the outside of the manor that Bodahn was constantly battling with a massive pair of pruning shears. Drunkenness had, it seemed,

made him pass out without attaching himself to Hawke, flat on his back with his head turned at an angle that looked slightly uncomfortable.

Hawke didn't want to move him quite yet, for fear of waking him early, so he'd probably have to soothe that crick in Anders' neck later, with hands warmed by healing magic.

He peeled back the blankets and enjoyed the sharp lines of his lover's body made soft by the morning light. They both slept in the nude more often than not. Sometimes, thanks to exhaustion, busyness, and the general chaos Kirkwall spent most of its time descending into, this was the only way they ended up being able to feel one another like this, skin on skin.

He ran his hands over Anders' thighs, against the grain of his hair and then with it. The morning sunlight turned Anders' blond to gold all over his body, his lashes nearly sparkling.

Anders' cock lay in the crook of his hip, partway between soft and hard already. Hawke, who didn't often get much time simply to *look* at Anders, enjoyed him a moment longer before finally leaning in. He didn't bother with as much teasing as he normally would, because Anders wasn't awake to watch Hawke kiss his way closer and closer to his cock, grab his hair, and beg him to suck it.

Hawke wondered, for a moment, whether Anders' body would even react, but he did, growing harder under Hawke's tongue. Otherwise he didn't squirm, didn't make a sound, didn't even breathe harder. The only part of him that reacted was his cock, now fully hard. Hawke sucked at the head, tongue flicking just below. He pulled back and swallowed just to wet his throat in preparation, readying himself to take Anders all the way.

That was when he heard a voice. Not Anders', deeper.

It wasn't the boom he was used to, and so he almost didn't recognize Justice saying, "I feel the need to tell you I am here, and I am conscious, and I am watching." He didn't lift his head, but he straightened it from the awkward angle.

“Oh?” Hawke whispered, stuck in the absolutely ridiculous position of having a naked cock before him and a fade spirit addressing him. Only with Anders. “Should I... stop?”

“You may proceed,” Justice said. “I will not move him more than is necessary, I will allow him to awake in his own time to enjoy what it is you plan to do for him.”

Well. Hawke had never spoken to Justice in *bed* before, but he had confirmation from Anders that Justice never exactly stopped being present, even while they were intimate. Much as Anders had reassured him in the past, Hawke still found he appreciated Justice’s forthright consent. Even if it wasn’t exactly enthusiastic. Justice might *tolerate* sex more than *enjoy* it, Hawke realized.

But perhaps he had a chance to make them both feel good.

He bent his head again, wrapping his hand around the base of Anders’ cock and pausing just to feel the warmth of him. Were Anders awake, he’d probably be pushing into that touch, trying to fuck Hawke’s hand. Hawke was going to take the opportunity to savor him.

His tongue again, first, familiarizing himself once again with Anders’ taste, the texture of him, his softness. It made his mouth water. He bowed his head, letting Anders’ cock slide over his tongue and into his cheek before pulling back, tightening his lips around the head and sucking at the tip before pulling off.

He almost jumped out of his skin when he felt Anders pet his hair, without giving any indication he was otherwise conscious. Was he doing it in his sleep?

“Thank you, love,” Hawke said, testing the waters. “Want me to keep going?”

He didn’t expect a response, maybe a muffled noise from Anders that was still half-asleep.

Instead, he got, “yes. I would like you to keep going,” from Justice. He *was* affecting them both—Justice in the forefront, it seemed.

“Have you ever felt this before?” Hawke asked, slowly stroking him.

“I have... memories. And I have felt it from inside Anders’ mind. But like this... no.”

Hawke rubbed Anders’ cock while he thought, just playing with it, wondering at the fact that he may very well be about to deflower a spirit of the Fade. Maker, the things he got into.

But Justice wasn’t in full control of Anders’ body. There wasn’t a line of blue on him. Hawke would have to try harder if he really wanted Justice to come play, not just address him from the somnolent form of Anders’ body.

He was good enough with his mouth to accomplish this.

Justice’s magic had a *smell*, Hawke realized, as Anders’ skin lit up blue and his head lifted, all while Hawke had his mouth around his cock, his fingers gently squeezing and stroking what he couldn’t fit in his mouth yet. The scent that washed through him was sharp but sweet, sort of like the scent of lyrium or lightning magic.

When he pulled off, Justice’s blue eyes looked down at him.

“How do you like it?” Hawke asked. “Do you want more?”

It was strange to see an expression that was so *Anders*, his soft confusion and the unsure tilt of his mouth, on Justice. Hawke had always seen Justice as a stalwart figure of virtue, not a being who had limited experiences and might get confused or apprehensive or worried.

“Shall I try what I was doing before you took over?” Hawke asked.

“Please do.”

Hawke sucked Justice off at a pace that would have frustrated Anders beyond belief. Anders would have his hand on the back of Hawke’s neck by

now, dragging him closer, saying, “*you can take more than that, I’ve seen you do it.*” Justice, on the other hand, was moaning and overwhelmed by even the simplest touches of Hawke’s mouth and tongue.

And *Maker*, Justice sounded good.

“*Garrett*—“ Justice cried, gripping his hair and holding him still before he could get his cock in his mouth again.

“What?”

“It’s—oh—Anders is awake, I ought to let him—“

“You don’t have to,” Garrett said, selfishly curious what the rest of a sexual encounter with a spirit would be like. “If Anders wants, I’m all for another round.”

Justice groaned, dropping his head back as Hawke licked his cock from base to tip. “He says you’re a bastard,” he noted.

Hawke didn’t answer with words, because his mouth was otherwise occupied. He grasped Justice’s hips to hold him still so he didn’t jerk forward and ram his pubic bone into Hawke’s face, and only let go when he was assured Justice would stay still.

When he pulled off to speak, Justice started petting his hair, rubbing a lock between his fingers as if curious about the texture. “Do you want to finish like this, or do you want more?” Hawke asked.

“More?”

“Yeah—I could ride you. Would you like that?” Hawke was not entirely suggesting this in service of Justice, he was aching and wanted desperately to be filled or touched.

“When Anders performed this service for you, he finished by penetrating you,” Justice noted.

“He did.” He’d made Hawke wait for it, though. Terrible. Held off until Hawke was begging for his cock, moaning all sorts of fool things.

“I should like if you did that to me, as well,” Justice said.

Hawke’s eyes rolled back as he took a moment to praise the Maker, Andraste, and whatever other deity might preside over the sexual desires of a Fade spirit. “Yes, love, I can do that for you. Hand me that little jar on the nightstand.”

Justice passed him the jar, which was full of a thick, lightly scented oil that Anders preferred as lubricant. Hawke shifted, pushing Justice’s legs wider, nestling himself between them.

“You know, most of the time we tend to start this with a kiss,” Hawke said. “I figured it wouldn’t be so satisfying with Anders asleep, but now that I know I’d have been kissing *you*, it’s... intriguing.”

It was fucking *hot*, but despite what the majority of Hawke’s friends thought of him, he *could* hold his tongue. ‘Intriguing’ would appeal more to Justice.

“I have wondered myself. Anders thinks of it often. His fascination with your mouth is, it seems, warranted.”

Justice’s tone was as clinical as always but his words struck heat straight down to Hawke’s core. “*Fuck*, yes, alright.”

It was still Anders’ mouth, but kissing Justice was nothing like kissing Anders. Justice didn’t seem to understand yet how to ease into things—he pressed hard against Hawke and nipped his lips and dug his fingers into Hawke’s waist.

One thing they shared, it seemed, was Anders’ proclivity for noise, which was all the more potent when it was Justice’s deep, resonant voice moaning and crying out.

Justice was particularly loud once Hawke moved from simply kissing him, to pressing his fingers in. Their kiss broke entirely so Justice could tip his head back and moan, blue lightning crackling all over his body. Hawke mouthed over a line of it that arced up his throat, learning the way the sweet-sharp taste of Justice's magic differed from the musk of Anders' sweat.

He knew how much Anders could take, having watched Anders open himself up on his long, slim fingers and then returned the favor, having used any number of toys acquired from that little shop in the red lantern district to fuck Anders as full open as he wanted to be on any given day.

Justice, he took a bit slower.

This was partly because Hawke was a bit distracted, riding Justice's thigh, feeling the way the crackles of lightning arced over his skin. There was a heat in them, then a coolness, like all the tempest coursed through Justice. The constantly-shifting temperatures over his clit was like nothing Hawke had ever felt, and it added kindling to the heat within *him*, made his stomach warm and tight like he was going to come.

He had two fingers in Justice, fucking smoothly in and out, when he finally brushed over that spot that drove Anders mad, and felt Justice jerk beneath him.

"Right there?" Hawke asked, repeating the motion.

Justice didn't answer except with a moan muffled in Hawke's shoulder. Seemed like Hawke was doing it right.

He couldn't help but lose himself in his own pleasure a bit, especially when Justice started to get handsy. He was just exploring Hawke, petting his thighs and his chest, rubbing his fingertips through thick hair as he traced the shape of Hawke's pectorals. His hands had the same flickering temperature fluctuation as the rest of him, and it was especially potent in more sensitive areas—the underside of his jaw, over his pulse, the curve of his lips.

With his free hand, he caught one of Justice's, pulling it down his belly and between his legs. "You can touch me here, too, you know."

Justice wasn't confident the way Anders was, all clever fingers and firm pressure. He was learning the shapes of his lover—his *first* lover—slowly and carefully.

"I have watched Anders do this to you," Justice said. "And I have memories of him with other lovers in the past. But I did not expect that experiencing you for myself would feel so different."

"Do you like it?" Hawke asked.

"It is... wetter than I had imagined."

"That just means you're doing a good job." And that he had those incredible pulses of spirit magic working in his favor. Hawke rocked his hips, fucking into Justice's hand, trying to remember to keep his own fingers moving as they traded pleasures.

"Something about this, it... overwhelms," Justice said.

"Are you close?"

There was a bright flare of light that rippled through Justice's body, startling Hawke for a moment until he realized it was an expression of pleasure.
"Yes, I think—it's too much, I've never—"

"Shh." Hawke leaned his head against Justice's, cupping the back of his neck with his free hand. "It's alright, I've got you. Just let go, love."

For a brilliant second, Hawke thought he was about to make Justice come, but then all that bright light flared again and then vanished, leaving the morning sunlight looking surprisingly dim.

"Fuck," said Anders, who was now in Hawke's arms, writhing against him in his characteristically eager way. "What in the world possessed you to wake up and fuck *Justice*?"

“You mean what possessed *you*.” Hawke went a little rougher now that he knew it was Anders, slipping another finger in him and plunging all three deep. “He seemed to like it.”

“*Ohhh*, yes—yes, he *does*—it got too much, that’s all, but he’s. Still. Quite interested.”

“Does he want to finish?” Hawke asked.

“No, he’s—it was like a sensory overload—I would like to finish, thanks so much for asking.”

“Was trying to wake *you* up with sex, you know.”

“Ah! I—*Garrett*, you *did*, sort of—*oh, fuck me.*”

“I am.”

“You know what I mean.”

“I do.”

“*Garrett, fuck!*”

Anders, Hawke had realized after the first time, was so fucking loud you could probably hear him in the Chantry courtyard. Hawke especially loved this.

And today, even though Anders had just emerged from within Justice, Hawke had worked his body up so beautifully he was going to come on Hawke’s fingers and nothing else. Truly his lover was marvelous.

He watched for some flash of blue in Anders’ eye, some hint that Justice was getting to enjoy an orgasm too (much as he could from in there) but there was nothing indicative of Justice’s presence. Just Anders, beautiful as always, shouting and sobbing and pulling Hawke into a fierce kiss, only to draw away seconds later because he couldn’t catch his breath.

His entire body relaxed in the aftermath, Anders watched Hawke through heavy eyes. The hand tracing down Hawke's hip was wet with Hawke's own arousal, thanks to Justice's foray into touching him, and Anders seemed to consider this, rubbing his fingers back and forth over Hawke's hipbone as if surprised by the slickness. He wondered how much Anders saw from inside Justice's mind, being the one unpracticed in looking out from the inside.

"You," he said, his fingers swiftly darting down and *inside*, surprising Hawke and making him groan, "are a *menace*. Look at you, up to mischief and the sun's hardly risen." For all his admonishment, he was fucking Hawke like a dream, his hand moving quick, pushing deep as those long fingers could go.

"I have been known to involve myself in mischief," Hawke said. "Shenanigans, even. Oh, baby, don't stop."

"Wasn't going to." Anders did pause, though, to push Hawke over, making the position more comfortable on his wrist, most likely. "Do you even know what you've done? You've unleashed a monster, Hawke. Justice hasn't ever felt *desire* like this before."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"If you ever want to leave this bed, no."

"Good thing I *don't*." Not when Anders was treating him so nice, his morning stubble rubbing against Hawke's collarbone and he kissed and nipped at him, his thumb rubbing just right against Hawke's clit as his fingers pushed in again and again.

"Do you want to know what it's like seeing you from inside his head?"

Hawke only moaned, but Anders took it as an affirmative.

"He thinks you're *wonderful*— Justice is a pessimist sometimes but he sees you as this bright spot in the world, something beautiful and strange and imperfect but lovely all the same."

He was talking pretty but the way his hands moved on and in Hawke were dirtier by the second, taking Hawke to the edge as Anders continued his diatribe on all the ways Justice adored Hawke.

“He used to not understand what it was like to have desire for somebody, for love, and he’s figured that out of late but he’s never felt a want to make somebody else desire *him*. ”

“*Anders*—“

“He wants to arouse you, wants to *seduce* you.”

“He *has*, the way his magic makes your skin feel—“

“He wants to get you off. He wants you to come for him.”

Hawke thought he was very much obliging to this desire when he came while calling out, “*Justice*—!”

“That’s it, Hawke.” It was Justice’s voice. “Look at you. What a thing of beauty.”

“There you are, love.” Hawke pulled him in to give him a brief kiss. “Was hoping you’d come back. Wanted to tell you how good you made me feel.”

There was a flicker of blue light across Justice’s cheeks and the bridge of his nose that Hawke swore was a blush.

“I am glad,” he said, lowering his head and pressing his forehead to the center of Hawke’s chest. “I am glad I could return some of the pleasure and affection you gave me.”

“You really know how to woo a man, Justice,” Hawke said, and Justice got this perplexed look on his face, like he couldn’t tell whether Hawke was joking (he was not).

Justice pressed one last kiss to Hawke’s temple before Anders returned, and the two of them took the time to clean up and ready themselves for their day.

“You know,” Anders said, batting Hawke’s hands away and taking over when Hawke began pulling the laces on his shirt unevenly, “both Justice and I would be interested in you waking us up like that again, should you happen to awake before me sometime.”

“Given how unlikely that is, do you think he’d be interested in joining us in the evenings sometime?”

“More than.” Anders straightened Hawke’s collar, and smoothed out the shoulder lines of his shirt. For a man so scruffy, Anders did like putting Hawke together in a neat package.

“Good.” Hawke leaned in and kissed him, a little too long and a little too wet for a chaste goodmorning.

When Hawke pulled away, he swore that in Anders’ eye, there was a flash of blue.

Author's Note:

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